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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL

Vol. XI.—No. 537.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



MUSICAL HONOURS AT HERNE BAY.

"After bestowing a benediction and a smile on the natives, Poor Pa has at length left Margate, and, according to latest reports, is now storming Herne Bay. Unfortunately, however, Herne Bayites do not appreciate the honour conferred upon them, and they are at present striving to keep my misguided parent out of their town. Dad, though, is determined to do the townsfolk a good turn. He has, therefore, been hovering round the bay for several hours every day discoursing sweet music. During the time loveliness is bathing, Papa is especially busy, and the girls hardly know whether to be offended or pleased at his attentions."—TOOTSIE.

CONCERNING ANCIENT MARINERS.



The Ancient Mariner of to-day fixeth you, as of yore, with his strangely glittering (not to say blank) eye.

But his converse, devoid of romance, mainly tendeth towards demands for "beer" and "baccy," and suchlike vulgar pabulum.

The refusal whereof to supply which provoketh loud expressions of contempt, freely interlarded with terra-queous expletives.

"HANKERING."

In 1787, Samuel Burt, a respectably connected young man who previously had borne a most exemplary character, was put on his trial for forgery. On being called up for judgment, he said: "I have forfeited my life, and wish to resign it into the hands of Him who gave it. No one can feel more sensible, heartfelt satisfaction in the hopes of passing into eternity. I have no desire to live, and as the jury and court, on my trial, thought proper to recommend me to mercy, if his Majesty should in consequence thereof grant me a reprieve, I will put an end to my own existence as soon as I can. It is death that I wish for, because nothing but death can extricate me from the trouble in which my follies have involved me." Sentence was then passed, but in the Old Bailey books this entry appears: "Samuel Burt, the unhappy youth, who, under a depression of mind, abhorring the guilt of suicide, committed a forgery in order to suffer death by the law, was respited. Dated December, 1787."

In September, 1790, one Brulman, who had served in the American army, but was broke on being detected in uttering base money, finding his life insupportable, and yet being unwilling to put an end to it with his own hand, determined on the commission of some crime for which he would be hanged by the law. He first asked the landlord of a tavern at which he lodged to go shooting with him, intending to murder him; but, fortunately for himself, the landlord was engaged and could not go. He then went out alone, and

met a man, whom he was about to kill, but as there was no witness at hand he spared him. Returning to the tavern, he went up to the billiard-room, carrying his gun with him. Some gentlemen were playing, and one had just made a good stroke. "You are a good marksman," said Bruluman. "Now I will show you a fine stroke," and with these words he levelled his gun, took aim, and shot the unfortunate gentleman through the body. He then went up to the dying man and said, "Sir, I have no ill-will against you, but I was determined to kill somebody, that I might be hanged." And in due course Bruluman was hanged.

The case of a third candidate for the gallows is still more curious. A youth of the name of David Williams, when about fifteen years old, was one day against his wish detained from school by his step-father, who greatly wanted his assistance on his farm. While thus employed a log rolled on one of the lad's legs, and so injured it that it became almost useless. Soon after, by another accident, he hurt the other limb, and so became a cripple before he had attained manhood. At these misfortunes he continually repined, and blamed his step-father for keeping him that unhappy day from school. Also he was bitterly mortified at his appearance among his comrades, some of whom ridiculed him, and in the end he became quite weary of life.

But having a horror of suicide he—as in the other two cases recorded—resolved to commit a murder, for which he hoped he would be hanged. For six months he brooded over this design, and determined that it should be some sinless child that he must sacrifice. All the morning of the fatal day, he afterwards said, he felt an unaccountable and far stronger desire than before to commit murder. To use his own words, "Something like hanker-ing after fruit."

Later on he saw a little boy, the son of a neighbour, gathering plums in the garden, and fetching a gun, fired and shot the child in the side, but only wounding him slightly. Finding his victim yet alive he limped to him, led him to the house of his parents, who were absent, and placed him upon a bed. The little boy managed to get off the bed to see "whether his father was coming to cure him." Williams placed him on the bed again, and stood by the door listening for his dying groans. But after waiting a long while and finding the boy still lived, he took an axe, and whilst the little fellow held up his hands for help the cripple struck him on the head, and then with a series of furious blows chopped the body to pieces.

After the deed was done he spoke of it with calmness, observing that though he had often considered the grief he should bring on his own mother, it never occurred to him what grief it would cause the mother of the child. On his trial he was pronounced insane and sent to a madhouse.

THE BIGG FITE.

Round 5. the deeming boi wark up to the bludles boi an ketch im one on the left peeper. the bludles lett im ave itt ou the rars-beri boko, both went bak too there korners an add a good cri.

(Next week, "Perjury.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very slight, A MELBOURNE READER: It's to your advantage quite. It's impossible to tell you, JIMMY, if it's always right. One or two we may have, TONY; But they're ones we cannot spare. Beauty such as Tootsie's, MARLOWE, is, of course, extremely rare. Utter bosh, we think, ACCOUNTANT—Anyone will tell you that. Thanks for cutting, SEASIDE READER, ALLY isn't such a flat. Haven't any space at present for your sketches, F. MCGEE. Now's your time, of course, A TOURIST, If you really want a spree.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SCENE—Club Smoking-room. Enter PAGE, suddenly.

Page. Please, Mr. Jones, your house is on fire and burning down. Bald-headed Jones (springing to his feet). Goodness gracious me! (Rushing to the door.) Bless me, how awful! (Pauses half way down the passage.) What a fool I am! It must be some other Jones. Why, I haven't got a house, and don't even live in London.

Snipper. Could you let me have a quid for a week, old man? Snapper. Oh, certainly! Give me the week, and I'll give you the quid.

WHEN woman meaning "Yes" says "No," It makes her feel absurd To find her stupid lover take Her really at her word.

Mrs. De Lusher. Now, where can I put this note so that my husband will be sure to find it directly he comes in? Mrs. De Lusher's Mammy. I should say the spirit-case would be the best place, my dear. He won't miss it there, you may depend.

"THEY tell me you made a speech last night at the meeting." "Yes. Most of the audience were carried away." "Indeed—fainted, I suppose. How very sad."

Friend. Did you meet anybody you knew during your holidays? Harddunned. I should think so. Ran against my tailor first day I got down, and met my hosier, hatter and bootmaker before the end of the first week. Oh, I had a nice quiet time of it, I tell you.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 537.—The "Southport Bathing" Costume.



"Now, no prevarication! are you a single man?" "No, sir! I'm a twin!"

A BIG LOSS.
"Hullo, here! who's lost his watch chain?"



Chairman. And I am quite sure my friend here will support the chair when I say—
Friend here. Support the chair? That's a good un! Why, it's the chair's job to support me!



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 19.—Bulwer Lytton. (Bull were lit on.)

"I won't precessely say that ye're bald, Donald, but yer hair is gettin' to be a bit seldom, ladlie."

Overheard under the clock at Charing Cross Railway Station.

First Friend. Well, you're a beauty!
Second Friend. What's the matter?
First Friend. Why, you're eight minutes late. I was five minutes late myself, and yet you've kept me waiting three minutes.

THE Board of Works are not nearly so wasteful as they might be. They get a large price every week for the brass locks of the Divorce Court doors at the Royal Courts of Justice, which are worn-out in something like forty-eight hours from the number of lovely ears placed against them for listening purposes.

Lady (engaging servant). Now, tell me, please, why did you leave your last place?

Applicant. Well, you see, 'm, the lady 'ad so many visitors that she was always making me tell some one she weren't at 'ome, and I couldn't reconcile it to my conscience—that I couldn't—'avin' always been brought up so strict myself.

It almost makes a man forget
That swearing is a crime,
When having pawned his watch he's asked
To tell someone the time.

First Man. Hullo, dear old chap, you look gloomy! What's up?
Second Man. I am, dear boy—hard.

Commercial Father. Well, if my boy couldn't write a better fist than that, I wouldn't keep him at his school another month.

The Other Kind of Father. Ah, that's where you make the mistake. It is a bad hand, I admit; but don't you see it takes about five letters before I can understand that he is writing for more pocket-money.

A LAD fell into a puncheon of Scotch whisky the other day, and was only rescued when just on the point of drowning. Strange to relate, he avers that during the whole time of his immersion he felt in capital spirits.

Mistress. Was that your young man you had with you in the kitchen just now, Mary?

Mary. Yes, mum. You'll excuse me not introducing of you, but 'e ain't very affable to strangers at first.

Robinson. I wonder how on earth young Bullion can be such an awful flat as he is!

Sharpshins. Why, the poor young fellow has been flattered so persistently, that one may say he has been flattered into the flat he is.

HE was a man of iron nerve, yet, when informed by his wife that her mother had just been "given up" by the doctor, he was seized with such a fit of shakes, that it took fourteen "same as before, miss, please!" ere he regained sufficient presence of mind to roll into his tailor's and stick the knight of the shears for a suit of black.

Youngly. Awfully snappy lot of barmaids they have at the Crown, haven't they?

Oldman. Can't tell you, my boy, I never go there. I find, as a rule, that the prettier the barmaids the worse the drink.

WHEN youthful Bobby pat repeats
Your words to sister Nell,
You realize how true the saw,
"Tis little things that tell."

First Young Matron. There's one thing I can say for John—he's never jealous in the least degree.

Second Young Matron (meaningly). No, dear, you're not likely to give him much cause for that.

[And yet another friendship busted instanter.]

Editor. Here's a lying article from McGooseley about Birthday and Coming-of-Age Festivities at Slocum-Podger, when the fountain ran with wine and the pubs, were free to all comers for a week.

Sub-Editor. What causes you to arrive at the conclusion that there is an absence of veracity in his report?

Editor. Why, you mug, if it was true, the bouncer would be too boozed himself to hold a pen.

AN enterprising firm advertises: "New Bathing Costumes. All the Latest Fashions. Fast Colours and Smartest Shades. The Margate Fetcher, 4s. 11d. The Brighton Delight, 3s. 5d. All post free in registered envelopes." [Where is that telescope?

Overheard at the club.

First Clubbiter. I've been trying all day to get a sight of the Athenaeum, but Jones has stuck to it ever since he came this morning, carrying it about from one room to another, and yet he never seems to turn over the pages. Do you think he is doing it on purpose to upset me?

Second Clubbiter. Oh, no. The truth is, he has discovered a three-line notice of his first book, and he is reading it in different lights and positions so as to thoroughly enjoy it.

"YOU'RE the biggest fool on earth!" exclaimed the irascible man in the argument, at length losing his temper. "You forget yourself, sir," was the dignified and dual-meaning response of his opponent.

Blighter. Hallo, old man, I hear you've sold your dog-cart?

Flighter. Yes, that's right.

Blighter. But you only bought a horse for it yesterday?

Flighter. Yes; but, you see, I couldn't afford to keep both.

TRY how you may you'll never get

A red-haired girl to own

Her tresses aren't the nicest shade

Of auburn ever grown.

Mistress. Why will you persist in overcooking the joints, Mary? I have repeatedly told you not to do so.

Cook. I know that, mum; but the gentleman as is the policeman on our beat can't abear 'is meat underdone, and you can't please everybody, you know, mum.

"WHAT sect do you belong to, sir?" quoth the Rev. Stiggins. "To the inn-sects!" answered Mr. Bung, of the Tapitquick Tavern, coldly.

First Commercial Man. What are you going to do with your son when he leaves Eton next week?

Second Commercial Man. Why, I think I shall keep him at home for a short time, and try and teach him something useful.

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TOOTSIE AT SOUTHPORT.

"A REMARKABLY strong indication of the reputable and decorous character of Southport and its visitors," says the good guide book,



Like youthful dolphins.

formist body is omitted. All the various bodies of Wesleyan Methodists have chapels. There are the different Baptist bodies, Presbyterians, Independents, Congregationalists, Welsh Presbyterians, Quakers, Unitarians, and even a church of the New Jerusalem.

When not at church or chapel or on the cockle path, some of the Southporters occasionally attend the theatre; but Bob says the weather is against us. There always seems to be something wrong with the weather experienced by a travelling co., and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Jones, first and second low comers, say it has its other troubles, and it always has been so, and that they have many times and oft travelled on their luggage, or when they hadn't any, walked home in their russets and "done a bit of busking at the road-side pubs." Let us trust that we may not have to do the same.

Bob seems pretty happy, as do Billy and the Dook, and they have this morning been gambolling like youthful dolphins in the ocean wave. Billy, who seems suddenly and unaccountably to have become possessed of bullion, has taken out a number of the Brass-Headed Band and stood them buns. They were all very ill, and turned up at the theatre at night looking like so many ghosts. A little over a hundred years ago, a party of the name of Sutton



Afloat on the ocean wave.

came to the place now called Southport, but then, a mere wilderness of Sandhills, and built an inn. For some reason this house was pulled down, but a memorial marks the spot where it stood. Since then many handsome buildings have been erected, and no end of money spent on its Promenade, its Halls, its Winter Garden, Art Gallery, Free Library, Pier, Park, and other attractions. Southport, indeed, is now a very fine place, and lots of rich people from Liverpool and Manchester have built handsome houses here, and go backwards and forwards to business as people do between Brighton and London.

Among our company perfect harmony can scarcely be said to prevail. Jenkins, first low comedian, complains that Jones, second low comedian, anticipates his gags, and is no gentleman. Jones, second low comedian, says Jenkins queers his business, but asks what you can expect of a man who never acted out of a booth? Miss Rosebud objects to dress in the same room as Miss Snowdrop, who, she has every reason to believe, is no better than she ought to be. There has also been a great deal of controversy respecting the lime light, who ought to have it and who oughtn't.

Ginger and Legs are still upon the track, and still buying and throwing bouquets, which still continue to fetch our musical conductor, who travels with us, oners on the head.



A youthful admirer.

which he obtains admission in some wholly unaccountable fashion, in spite of the vigilance of the Dook Snook and Billy. I have just met him on the Promenade, where he had flung himself into a melodramatic attitude and exclaimed with fervour as I passed, "That's her!"

NEIGHBOURLY NEIGHBOURS.

WITH half-quarter day staring us in the face we beg to remark that there's one thing that agitates a woman's mind when her family moves into a new neighbourhood, and that is whether she will find agreeable neighbours or not in the fresh locality. There's more in hitting it with one's neighbours than many giddy, young, unmarried people suppose, and you can't hit it—take it from us—unless there's a little "give and take" by both parties to the arrangement.

"How do you get along with your neighbours?" the pale young curate of Upper Stroud Green Road and the Hogsback Brickfields Nonconformists asked of the feminine head of a family that moved into Jerry-mander Crescent at the June quarter.

"Oh, toll-loi," replied the lady as she wiped the soap-suds from her arms upon an antimacassar and replaced it on a glass shade of wax fruit that stood in the drawing-room window. "They appear to be decent sort of people, though they're a bit handy at borrowin'."

"Ah, well, madam, 'tis only neighbourly to lend. What have they borrowed?"

"Oh, two or three things. They borrowed a candle of me the first day they moved in, three times they've borrowed a bit o' tea, twice sugar, and one afternoon's fun out o' the lawn-mower. They've got our wash-tub and dog-kennel over there now, borrowed my big jam saucepan to make soup in, my daughter's spirit curling-tongs heater, some tar-roofin' for the chicken-us, and the kid's perambulator; and their servant girl throws all their inter-pedlin' over our wall and sneaks the pegs out of the clothes when I puts my washin' out."

"Rather irritating! But, doubtless, they will in some way reciprocate."

"Oh, they do. For instance, we've got their roasting-jack, and my little Billie fell through their cucumber frame and they never grumbled; my old man's gone to Brighton races in their old man's light covert-coat; we've got their kitchen clock, and to-night my eldest son is going to get over their wall and poison their dog as it got in our pantry and stole a cold loin o' pork. Oh, yes, I can't say they ain't neighbourly!"

HIS MEMORY FAILED.

Mugsby. Have I seen Sara Bernhardt? I should think so! The divine Sara. In the last piece, for instance, I shall never forget her as—er—er—when she says—er—er—I shall never forget the noble words, nor her manner of speaking them.

Jugsby. What does she say, old man?

Mugsby. She says—er—er—why, she says—er—er—hum—hum—blessed if it hasn't slipped my memory for the moment; but I'm sure to remember it during the day, and I'll let you know when we go home this evening.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY A LA SLOPER.

EVERY man bath his price, dearly beloved, but twenty-two bob and all the old "fourpenny" you can carry respectfully, as potman at the Wen and Walrus, is not to be sneezed at.

"Hilda Hortense (Scarboro)" writes to ask SLOPER whether Dr. Lennox-Brown, the physician to the profession dances the lancers? A. SLOPER don't know. Nor does it seem of any importance so long as he lances the dancers!

Down Goose Green way it is considered rude and unfeeling to ask a young man just back from his summer holiday the time. As a great philosopher once observed, watches are not only portable but spoutable property.

A newspaper item says that "Paper is now largely used in the manufacture of coffins." Ha, ha! this, then, accounts for the alleged "enormous circulation" of some of our daily contemporaries!

Military discipline at Aldershot is so exceedingly severe that a private does not dare to indulge in the slightest evidence of perturbation, even though he feels an earwig crawling down his spine. To do him justice, however, he is generally well drilled and philosopher enough to be able to stand tight and pray till it crawls up again.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

No. 5.—BARBETTE BATHING.

Bobbing up and bobbing down
So lissooly and lightly:
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
While the rope she clutches tightly:
And Neptune round her filmy dress
Sports softly, with a sweet caress.
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
With a graceful undulation:
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
And, when Venus makes lavation
Within some cool Parnassian stream,
Less fair than she must Venus seem!
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
She for Cupid makes a target:
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
And upon the beach at Margate
The eyes of many a dude wax warm
To watch the movements of her form.
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
Like a naiad in the water:
Bobbing up and bobbing down,
And the mermaids her could slaughter,
To think that in the azure waves
Their one terrestrial rival laves!

PROVERBIAL.

"YES," said the millionaire, "I came to London with a solitary half-crown in my pocket."
"Oh! that proverbial, that chestnutty half-crown," exclaimed one of his listeners. "When shall we hear the last of it?"
"Nevertheless," replied the millionaire, placidly lighting a fifteen shilling cigar, "I think you will admit there was a difference between my half-crown and the others."
"How? In what way?"
"Why, you see—mine was a bad one."

MAN AND BRUTE!

THE midday train to Southern Italy rattled along its dusty iron road, and the charming middle-aged lady who had never previously been in any foreign country (save Southend), but who had insisted upon spending her little holiday abroad this year, began to conjure up visions of Fra Diavolo-like brigands stopping the train and holding the passengers to ransom. As the guard's trumpet sounded a warning blast and the train dashed into a grey stone ravine, she leaned across and touched her husband, who was buried in the Sportsman he had brought from England, on the knee.

"Robert—Bob—I—I wish—" "Wish you'd gone to Brighton, eh? So do I, I see it's race-week there."

"I don't mean that. I wish you'd tell me if there's any danger?" "Oh, there's always that. Engine's boiler might bust, tunnel fall in, signals go wrong—"

"How idiotic you are! I mean danger of brigands. We appear to be in a very lonely region; think if the brigands should come now and—take me off to some mountain fastness, what would you say?"

"I should say they were a lot o' green brigands that hadn't been long at the game!" he answered brutally, relapsing into his paper.

A NEAR THING.

"AND so your arrangements are complete, Nicol?"

The other nodded. "Nothing forgotten? No little detail omitted?" pursued the first speaker.

"Remember, my friend, the stakes are high this game, and we must play warily."

"Bah! what a man you are!" exclaimed Nicol, impatiently.

"Always anxious, always in doubt. I tell you, man, I have planned it that we cannot fail—cannot. I tell you, though I know there's no convincing you until you have the little sparklers between those fingers of yours."

His friend laughed softly. "Good Nicol," he said, "I would give my soul for your assurance, *bon comrade*. I lack that useful quality sadly, as you say. But you soothe me, you calm me, though if we are to bring off this coup you will have need of all your daring."

His companion smiled and deftly rolled a cigarette. "Listen," he said; "if it will give you a quiet night, Henri has advised me of the journey; and all the details have been thoroughly gone into. Our man starts from Paddington to-morrow by the 9. The firm places every confidence in their esteemed traveller, and he carries with him gems to the value of fifty thousand pounds, from which Lord Batsleigh is to choose gifts for his fiancée."

"And mildred will be kept waiting!" "I fear so. And now bend closer." And he whispered the rest in his companion's ear.

"Porter, have you labelled the portmanteau? Very well, see that it goes in the brake all right; and here, bring the bag along with you to the carriage—be careful with it, please. First smoking—



"Be careful with it, please."

yes, that'll do, put it in here beside me," and the quiet-looking gentleman, pressing sixpence into the official's hand, settled himself comfortably in a corner, and cut his morning paper. It looked for a time as though he was to have the compartment all to himself, but no, just at the last minute the door was sharply opened and quickly slammed to again, the whistle sounded, and as the long train moved slowly out of the station the new comer, a white-haired gentian-looking old gentleman, took up his position in the corner and remarked cheerfully that it was a fine morning.

The other consented, and thought that the crops looked healthy, and ere the train reached Reading the two were

on the best of terms and chatted quite affably. Again they were off. They chatted gaily, and then the old gentleman produced a cigarette case and felt for a light. Rather it, he hadn't one: could his fellow-passenger oblige? Ah, thanks, so much. Perhaps he would join him in a smoke. That was right, he could recommend them as being very fair.

He struck a match, lit his own, and handed the light to his companion.

Then a strange thing happened. The gentleman with the bag had hardly taken three puffs before he gasped, clutched at his throat, swayed to and fro, and then fell forward on his face.

The nice old gentleman bent over him. "It works like a charm," he muttered, as he carefully pocketed the poisoned cigarette.

In a few minutes his victim was bound and gagged and rolled under the seat to recover at leisure.

Hardly done than the engine shut off steam, the train slowed, and two minutes later ran into the junction, whilst the old gentleman, seizing his fellow-passenger's cherished bag, stepped quickly out and was rapidly lost in the crowd.

"Yes, it was a clever try on," said the diamond merchant's traveller, as he related his adventure to his employers, "though, mind you, I had my suspicions of the nice old gentleman from the first. But if I hadn't packed the jewels in the portmanteau, whilst I carefully looked after a bag filled with empty cases, that rascal's cigarette would have done me. It was a near thing."



He could recommend them.



"Tommy, did you give your sister my note, last evening?"
 "Yes, and she liked the colour of the paper, and said it would make some pretty curl papers."

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 351.—MISS MAY SKYMOUR.

"My every thought, my every dream's of thee."—*The Duck Snook.*
 "I offer her a life's complete devotion."—*Lord Rob.*
 "Search through the land, you will not find her peer."—*The Hon. Billy.*



There was a great Lion Comique,
 Whose songs were a trifle too "chic";
 However, one day
 He had something to pay,
 And his "license endorsed" by the bank!



IT'S NOTHING WHEN YOU ARE USED TO IT.
 "Can't find apartments? Oh, don't let that trouble you, come and stay with me; I've got an awfully jolly double-bedded house, no restraint, come in any hour you like—Bathing Machine, number 10!"



"As I am going to the seaside, I am thinking of utilizing my old burlesque costumes for bathing dresses. What do you think of the idea, dear?"—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.



Of course, A. SLOPER was there! Where? why, at the opening of Clarence Park, generously, nay, nobly, as A. SLOPER subsequently remarked in a telling speech, handed over to the ancient city of St. Albans, by his esteemed friend, and should he say dear old pal? Yes, he would! his dear old pal and brother owner of the fleet-footed racer, Sir John Blundell Maple! "Your loyal Highness, my lords, ladies, and gentlefolks all," cried the Emulgent, "I call upon you to drink his jolly good health!" and he produced his constant companion, the historical bottle, and, after taking a hearty pull, said, "George"—this to the Duke of Cambridge—"drink, boy, and drink heartily."—(1) Blundell, Heaven bless you! And why was A. SLOPER at Clarence Park on this auspicious occasion? Simply in the double capacity of Interviewer-in-Chief to the donor, and as Master of the Ceremonies. A. SLOPER's first step was to provide the Family with money-boxes with the legend "For a Charity—by authority," inscribed across the front of each—and if charity begins at home, a most deserving one. Each money-box was fitted with a patent lock, the master key being in possession of the M.C.—(2) Alexandry was stationed at the gates, dressed as a friar of St. Albans. Evelyn, as a lady cricketer, was to shake her money-box under people's noses, and if closely questioned as to the charity, was to say it was for

surgical aid to the cricket club.—(3) The Twins had one between them for the football club. The idea was to connect them à la Siamese Twins, and if they were asked if they were twins they were to reply in unison, "Yes, slam," and smile; which, A. SLOPER estimated, would fetch that class of persons which laughs loudly at jokes in a theatre, preventing other people hearing the next half-dozen lines.—(4) Mrs. Sloper, attired as a flower girl, was to sell blossoms in the grounds—double price if she kissed them—no change given.—(5) And Jubilee, as a jockey, was given to understand he was collecting funds to supply the little Childwickbury stable boys with toy horses. Hardly had the Emulgent concluded his speech, when an Inspector of the police asked him if the party of money-boxes, busy all over the grounds, belonged to him? "They do," replied the proud husband and father. "Then come along with me." "But I haven't yet introduced Sir Blundell—Here, hands off, fellow!" A. SLOPER found the family in charge, the boxes confiscated; and when they were all handed into an empty cattle truck and were journeying Londonwards, cried Mrs. S., "Wretch! was it for this you dragged us away from the salt sea wave?" "Woman!" cried the Wreck, "add not insult to injury!" and, burying his face in his hands, the stony man burst into tears.

THE ELDER DOES HIS DUTY AS A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.



(1) "Look here, Dominie, ye bow-legged and rhinoceros, ye're no daein' yer duty in no instillin' intae they weans the importance o' politeness an' manners, ye goggle-e'd and heathen—manners an' respect tae Elders o' the Kirk. They departed fra the schule without a bow tae us."



(2) "Aw've had ma e'en on ye some time, McNah, and noo it's yerse! that'll get a lesson in manners. Aw'll knock the dust out o' yer kilt an' the pride out o' yer heart!" panted the Dominie.



(3) As the Elder cooled his fevered brow, he murmured, "What an artistic touch the Dominie's is! That's the neatest wee lickin' Aw've had for mony a day, an' Aw'm a laddie ower more."



Municipal. Hobbies. de. ricté



The City's. congratulations.



Applying. the. Closure.

DIANA-UP-TO-DATE



Sopping. Scorehers



The Prize Pauper.



Speedy. Shorland.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Aha! my trusty pals and patrons, there you are again; not a familiar face missing, and hundreds of new ones among you. This is as it should be, and we will get to business without more delay.—The County Council "uncle" soon Will be a well established bun:—The Corporation doth erince its feeling for the infant Prince:—His friend, it seems, when words ran high, Applied the closure to his eye:—At Cheltenham the ladies hold A most successful show, I'm told:—Some

heavy showers, the other night, Put wheelmen in a sorry plight:—Why not, oh, William Edwards, go As fat boy in a touring show?—Amid enthusiastic cheers, Frank Shorland home a vector steers.—There, that's not so bad for the week after Bank Holiday, is it? By the way, how did you all enjoy yourselves? Had a jolly time of it, I hope. Look me up again at the same hour next week. Ta-ta for the present.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

WOE BE TIDE!



HIS COGITATION.

Ruth (to journalist). You seem lost in dreamland, Ted. Are you concocting an article, a novel, or a poem?
Ted. Neither, my dear! I am wondering who I can spring for a piece with which to purchase a drink!



WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Young Smorling. Here's a pretty state of things! a fella can't sit on his golf unit nowadays without being taken for a girl!



"Whenever George takes my photo he is such an unconscionable time focusing—I'm sure there's no need to be so long!—and yesterday the tide came up and spoilt his patent leathers. Oh, he was so cross because I nearly died with laughter."
[May to her friend Gertrude.]



"Well, good-bye, Snarl! be sure and give me a look up, in your spare time." "I rarely have any, Sharp." "I'm very glad to hear it."



Try the new, patent, double-pointed, snaffle-crooked pens for fashionable correspondence. [P.S.—Warranted not to splutter.]

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Sabbath must be respected by one and all. Therefore, as August 12th this year falls upon a Sunday, the grouse will have at least twenty-four hours respite. Well, it is an ill-wind that blows no one any good. At "The Sloperies" we have only just commenced preparations for the storing of the hampers with which we shall no doubt be inundated next week. Our arrangements, in fact, will not be completed until Tuesday. Sportsmen, please take note.



THE Mildewed Machinist has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon FRANK W. SHORLAND, because he's the Champion Long-distance Bicycle rider of the World. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Eyed, "Frank fairly knocked 'em at 'Erne 'ill, didn't 'e? Twenty-four hours racing takes a bit of doing, and no error—

and they don't train on 'Unsweetened,' like you, guv'nor." And once again the Aged went for him with the business end of his broily.

WE understand from Messrs. Gatti, that *Shall we Forgive Her?* is going great guns at the Adelphi Theatre. This is good news indeed, but the Adelphi management deserve all the success they win. Their catering is always of the A1 order.

THE report that the Duke of York is about to adopt one of the Sloperian Twins as a playmate to the infant Prince, is entirely premature. A. SLOPER would not separate the twins for all the gold in the universe. The Duke must take both or none.

THE New Woman is thrusting her individuality upon us, or rather her admirers are making enormous efforts to do so. The magazines and the ladies' papers write exhaustive articles upon the subject, and the women's clubs hold forth at great length upon the same theme. A. SLOPER, as the Friend of Man and Woman (young preferred), ought, of course, to feel some interest in the discussion, but truth to tell, he doesn't. Blue Stockings, Revolted Daughters and others of the Emancipated ilk find no favour in his eyes. It is the bright, joyous, happy, irresponsible English rosebud that he regards with paternal affection.

THE London Belle, one of the most popular steamers on the Thames, is now running to Southend and Clacton daily (Fridays only excepted). We warmly recommend our readers to take a trip in this vessel, as even in the roughest seas it is as steady as a humming-top. This should be a great consideration to many who are only prevented from taking these pleasure trips by the fear of sea-sickness.

A. SLOPER understands that next spring the first of a series of gigantic Exhibitions, under the direction of the London Exhibitions, Limited, will be inaugurated at Earl's Court. The Empire of India is selected to be the subject of the Company's initial venture; and should prove one of the most attractive exhibitions London has yet been favoured with. Mr. Imre Kiralfy, of Venice fame, has here a subject exactly suited to his peculiar genius, and we may confidently expect from him a great spectacle of both historical interest and Oriental gorgeousness of display.

THE Dunmow Flitch competition takes place this week. A. SLOPER has decided, after mature consideration, not to compete.

ALTHOUGH *Mirette* does not seem to have caught on with the playgoing public there is, nevertheless, much that is good in the opera. The music, in parts, is as tuneful as even Sir Arthur Sullivan's, and the libretto is occasionally livened up with flashes of exceedingly lively humour. In spite of these, however, Savoy patrons are not at all satisfied. They yearn for the return of the wanderers. The Savoy without its Gilbert and Sullivan is like unto a deserted wilderness.



SOME surprise was expressed in racing circles that the Skunk was not pulled out at Goodwood. We must once again repeat that A. SLOPER's superb and priceless colt will not be seen in public again until the St. Leger.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

OF course A. SLOPER was present at the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the opening of the London Pavilion on the evening of Friday week last. What would the ceremony have been without him? Teddy Swanborough was naturally delighted to see his old chum and placed a couple of pails of "Unsweetened" at his disposal immediately upon his arrival. After partaking of this light refreshment A. SLOPER at once proceeded to sample the programme, which included upwards of one hundred items. Nearly every one of the stars of the Variety stage were present, and as each did his or her best, the performance was really a grand one. The proceedings were carried on until 2 A.M., but long before that time the Eminent, fast asleep and dead drunk, had been carted off to the Sloperies in a dust cart.

A KINGFISHER has been observed on Hampstead Ponds, says the *D. T.* This is indeed mild. Why, the Sea-Serpent will doubtless be observed off Battersea shortly, to say nothing of porpoises in the Serpentine and other seeming miracles.

MCGOOSELEY has been in danger. In fact, his life has been almost sacrificed to mob law. One day last week he was arrested as an Anarchist. It appears that whilst crossing the Tower Bridge, he was discovered in a quiet corner by an alert policeman in the act of drawing a bomb-shaped missile from his capacious coat tail pockets. Truncheon in hand the policeman charged him, and so did the crowd of onlookers. Fortunately for Mac the suspected bomb proved only to be a whisky bottle, and the poor innocent McGooseley had chosen the quietest corner of the Tower Bridge in order to refresh himself.

WE observe that the French Vision-Seeing Woman has brought down upon herself the anger of the Pope. McGooseley has serious thoughts of starting in this line as a Vision-Seeing Man. Some of the things he observes at times are really and truly remarkable.

THREE cheers for Mr. Plowden! would that there were more magistrates like him; and may his generous kindness bear good fruit. A man was recently brought before him charged with being drunk and disorderly.

"Are there any previous convictions against the prisoner?" asked the Beak. "One hundred and thirty, your Worship," responded the gaoler, doubtless fully expecting that the culprit would forthwith be made a horrible example of. Not so, however. Mr. Plowden sagely remarked that as one hundred and thirty punishments had had no effect, the hundred and thirty-first was hardly likely to do so, and he resolved to let him go. The prisoner was so overcome with astonishment that he at once promised to sign the pledge, and we trust that in pure gratitude he will keep it. May A. SLOPER, who is also an "incorrigible," meet with similar leniency when next the sherbet proves too strong.

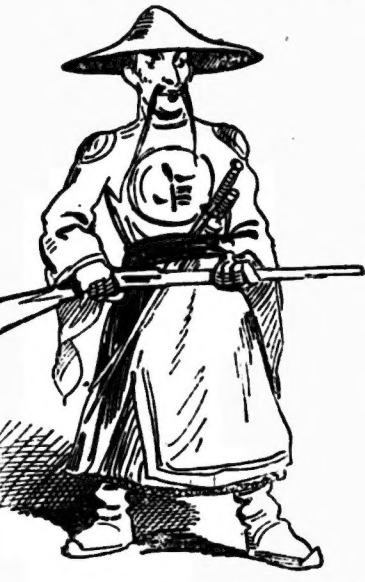
THOSE always excellent and popular entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. Clunn Lewis, supported by a slap-up company, have started on their summer tour round the provinces with a new and right up-to-date entertainment, which you mustn't miss on any account if they fortunately come your way. The Lewis show is no ordinary one, take SLOPER's tip, but a real first-rate entertainment which will keep you amused and delighted for two full hours.

QUITE a number of French duels have taken place recently between politicians, newspaper editors and other fiery-tempered Gauls. The remarkable thing about these encounters is the peculiar places in which the combatants manage to wound each other. We read of one gentleman receiving a slit in the forehead, another a nasty dig in the stomach, and another a wound in the leg. What masters of fence!

CONSIDERING that at the time of writing war has not been officially declared, things are fairly lively between China and Japan.

It is sincerely to be trusted that the already reported hostilities will not be renewed, and that affairs between the two big Eastern Powers will be amicably arranged. But if this is not to be, may they be allowed to fight it out themselves. Any outside interference would certainly result in a row all round, and then goodness knows where the squabble would end. Meantime, the Dook Snook is very anxious to go out to the scene of action as the Sloperian War Correspondent. His Grace's duns are evidently running him to earth.

OWING to the continued rejection of his literary efforts, the Hon. Billy threatens to discontinue his subscription to *Larks*! It is just possible that the champion ha'porth will rub along all the same, especially as we learn from the publisher that he has never seen a farthing of Billy's money. This must be seen to. The free list is entirely suspended.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 18TH AUGUST, 1894.

12th August, 1815.—Napoleon sailed this day for St. Helena. A short time previous to this a respectable dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he stated that St. Helena was infested with rats, and that he had been deputed by his Majesty's Government to purchase for sixteen shillings "every athletic, full-grown tom cat, ten shillings for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving, vigorous kitten." This, which turned out to be a senseless hoax, brought into Chester a crowd of persons anxious to dispose of their cats, and in the end led to the cruel death of many hundreds of these poor creatures, whose bodies floated next day in the river Dee.

13th August, 1672.—A proclamation of Charles II. bearing this date, commands that two political books, said to be treasonable and written by John Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," "be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman." The books are spoken of as "impious endeavours to justify the horrid and unmatchable murder of our late dear father of glorious memory."

14th August, 1803.—We read that "The spouse of Sir William Stanes, late Lord Mayor of London, was interred at Cripplegate church, the charity children singing at the burial; and on this day, the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Gregory, his lordship's late chaplain, to a very crowded audience."

15th August, 1819.—Says Tom Moore in his diary this day: "Dined at Bowood. Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of 'Comus,' when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand."

16th August, 1191.—This day, Richard I., by the sanction of his confederates, commanded the 2500 Saracen hostages to be put to the sword beneath the walls of Acre. "The galls of the murdered Turks were converted into Christian medicines."

17th August, 1792.—The Birmingham Theatre was this day destroyed by fire. A writer, eight years ago, says: "It is a curious fact that old fashioned flint-lock shot-guns are still manufactured in Birmingham. They are the old Queen Anne long and smooth-barrelled kind remembered by our oldest hunters. The first idea would be to laugh at the notion of manufacturing flint-locks at this hour of the day; but the Birmingham makers are turning out large quantities of them, which find ready sale, as they are much more adapted to the forests and jungles and plains of Africa than any fancy detonator or breech-loader. Flints can be found anywhere almost, and one will last for a campaign; but once get out of caps or cartridges in Africa, and your fancy gun is no better than the staff of a gorilla. During all the years of 'new guns' Birmingham has been silently and profitably supplying this old time trade."

18th August, 1825.—Edmund Kean this day gave a prize wherry, which was rowed for by seven pair of oars, from Westminster Bridge to the Red House, Battersea. The tragedian himself fired off a pistol as a signal for the boats to start. "Westminster Bridge was crowded with spectators, but the Red House, Battersea, was where all the 'prime of life lads' assembled. Here were to be seen poets, pugilists and players, of all sorts, sizes and degrees, costermongers from Tothill Fields, and Battersea beauties."

RATHER A FACER.

HE treated her to ices, lemonade and ginger beer, And always paid the racket when they went upon the pier. Her appetite in pastry, too, was very fine and large, And those seaside confectioners they do know how to charge. He took her out for driving trips at three and six an hour (You should have seen the lunch on these occasions she'd devour.) He took her on the water in canoes, and yachts, and skiffs; For strolls along the yellow sands, and walks along the cliffs. But on the very day on which he'd set himself the task, The all important question of his heart's delight to ask, She told him though, of course, he'd not done ought to her offend, She thought that for the future his civilities should end. "You see," she said, with calmness that his golden day dreams wrecked, "My husband's coming down to-day, and might perhaps object."

AN OUTSIDER.

"THAT gal ain't used to sassiety," said Lucindy Charlotte, at Rosherville. "Why, the low thing actually bites off the 'eds of the shrimps for her young man, instead of turning up her skirt and shedding of 'em in her clean petticoat lap. She'll be a-wiping of her mouth next on the inside of her jacket tail, instead of the tail of her skirt before she starts on kiss-in-the-ring. I hates them low ways—that I do!"

THE OVERBURDENED AGRICULTURIST.

THERE'S no mistake about it: it all falls on the farmer. A worthy agriculturist from the wilds of Norfolk came to London the other day to do his annual, but frugal, bit of serious shopping. His rusty suit of black, bleached green and brown by the glorious sun was seen amidst the throng in Shoreditch, its ingenious occupant being busily engaged in "pricing" a new pair of unmentionables for Sunday wear.

"Oo much be these here, mister?" he asked, handling a pair of tasty plaid "bags" with a maroon side stripe, hanging at a shop door.

"Ten an' thix, ma tear," responded the oleaginous Hebrew of the shop, "dey're cheap as tirt—ten an' thixpenth."

The farmer stood aghast.

"Loor!" said he, "wohy that's all they wur a yeer ago—nere's corn daown, 'taters only fetchin' haalf what they wur, outs daown, eggs daown, fruit daown, butter daown—what keeps breeches up?"

"Bratheth, ma tear, bratheth—let me sell you a peautiful pair—vun an' thix?"

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

Brown. Why on earth do you live in such an out-of-the-way suburb as this, old man?

Smith. Why? Because it is so handy and convenient when we have visitors.

Brown. Handy? Convenient? Why, the last train leaves at ten o'clock, and—

Smith (smiling blandly). Just so, that is what I mean—so handy and convenient for me, don't you see, it enables us to get to bed in a decent time.

Every Wednesday. Twopenno.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

19 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A MUSH-ROOM-URED MUSHROOM.

[It is reported that a mushroom measuring 4 ft. in diameter has just been discovered.]



TIME was the bold sea-serpent's sway,
In many a journal proudly shone
Throughout the silly season's stay;
But now 'twould seem his pow'r hath gone,
For, judging from reports to hand,
That useful reptile's put aside,
Through finding in this favoured land
A mushroom measuring four feet wide!

So pity the poor sea-serpent, pray,
In whom our journalists once took pride;
'Tis sad that the cake he can't now take,
Through a mushroom said to be four feet wide!

Time was that gooseberries quite vast
Would dare to share our reptile's fate:
But on such things mere scorn he cast,
And still pursued his same old game.
But what's a poor sea-serpent to do,
When finding his old glory "guyed,"
Because, forsooth, there comes in view
A mushroom measuring four feet wide?
So pity the poor sea-serpent, etc.

THE LOVER'S RUSE.

FAR out across the white-crested billows she gazed, and there was a world of Bow Bellian sentiment in her big blue eyes as she turned to the eager youth at her side.
"No," Mr. Jellibagge, she said, firmly, "it can never be; I like, I respect you, but the man I wed—excuse my bluntness—must have the heart of a lion; have braved a thousand dangers of field and flood, and delight to show his prowess for my sake."

Her lover paled. He could hardly, he owned it himself, be said to answer to the description of her ideal; if it had only been dodging the midday traffic in Cheapside, now, he might have stood a look in. But he hesitated but an instant, then with passionate gesture and eloquent tongue he rushed headlong into the fray.



"Darling!" he cried, "you do not, you cannot know me; dare I say that I am not unworthy of you in that respect, I would go through fire and water to win you—er—Mil-lord."

The fair girl gazed strangely at his words.
"Say you so?" he cried; "then I will put you to the test; you shall go, not through fire, but water, ere you claim me. See you yonder buoy?" she added.

"Yes," he said, doubtfully, fearfully.
"Well," she said, setting her little white teeth, firmly, "when you can swim out to that buoy and back, I am yours, till then—never!"

For a moment reason tottered on the throne; another instant and he was himself again.
"Mildred," he cried, "I go! To-morrow, at ten, I shall dive on the steps of No. 8 machine, clad in pink bathing-dr—pink bathing-dress with a blue stripe. I will succeed or perish."

And thus he left her.
It was a mighty task even to a skilled and powerful swimmer; to man as he was, who could hardly get safely across a swimming bath, impossible. And yet, such is the power of love, he walked boldly into his machine at the appointed hour; and, ten minutes later, the fair watcher on the beach saw the pink garbed figure ve into the ocean and strike out manfully for wife and love.

And does he succeed? He does, dear reader; from start to finish the issue was never for one moment in doubt, and as, flushed with victory, he steps triumphantly from his machine, only the presence of onlookers prevents the fair girl from falling into his manly arms.
"But how the deuce," you ask—

Well, the explanation's very simple. It was her lover who started the machine, it was her lover who came out; but it was a professional swimmer, previously concealed there, who, for a small consideration, performed the swim that won his patron a bride.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

"THE GENTLE ROSABELLE."



I've long been learning foreign speech—
Italian, French, and Spanish—
But the long-nursed hope of mastering each
Must now at last vanish.
From books which once I studied well
Each thought's a wild absconder:
My soul is fixed on Rosabelle,
And I cannot see beyond her!

Within the counting-house I once
Could earn opinions golden:
But now I'm an egregious dunce,
Some witless, twelve-year-old 'un
Would take the biscuit from me well
As clerk or correspondent.
My thoughts are fixed on Rosabelle,
And I cannot see beyond her!

When erst I heard the droning din
Of parson perched in pulpit,
I eagerly could drink it in:
But now I ne'er can gulp it.
Of her who o'er me casts her spell
Than pious words I'm fonder:
My orbs are fixed on Rosabelle,
And I cannot see beyond her!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

CORK, July 30th, 1894.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Now that most people are digging their early potatoes, you no doubt receive a good many vegetables bearing a more or less distant likeness to your noble features. At the same time, however, I cannot resist the temptation to forward you the inclosed specimen from the true land of the "murphy," and I think you will agree with me that it would be very hard to get a better likeness in vegetable life. The classic proboscis, the determined chin, the broad and intelligent brow of SLOPER are all faithfully portrayed in this little vegetable. Wondrous, indeed, are the freaks of Nature! With best wishes and love to Tootsie. Your faithful admirer,
F. H. POWER.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

NO. 260.—HE PERPETRATES AN ACT OF SELF-DENIAL WHICH HE HOPES NOBODY WILL EMULATE.

THE times had been bad, and the duns had got mad,
So the Fossil he called up a meeting:
And his sons were all there, and his daughters so fair,
And his wife, her poor buzzum a-beating!
And the Eminent spoke, with a sort of a choke
In his throat, and his face hanging longly:
"The times have been bad, and the duns have got mad,
So I call on you all very strongly
To stringently practise economy's art,
Lest my purse become empty, and broken my heart!"

"As for me, I dine out: but I haven't a doubt
That my wife will make speedy arrangements
That you all may be fed upon margarine bread,
With potatoes and dripping as changeaments.
And I further may hint that in commonest print
Must my Tootsie her form be arraying,
And for twelve months resign all her dresses so fine—
That my twins must bare-footed go playing—
That my bold Alexandry henceforward must lose
The three tanners per week I've allowed him for booze!"

Thus the Eminent spoke, with a tear and a choke.
Then his wife put the pertinent query:
"If these things we should do, in what manner will you
Follow up your sage counsels, my dearie?"
Then the Mouldy One's gaze had a virtuous blaze
And he answered in triumph, though meekly:
"I'll expenses bring down by not spending a brown
On 'A. SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY' weekly!"
Then uprose a wife's boot—then a husband ascended
Some yards nearer heaven, and the meeting was ended!

OZONE VERSUS PATCHOULI.

IT was 'tween decks on that beautiful steamer, *La Marguerite*. She had just rounded the point, and with her engines at full speed, was headed straight for France. Sitting together near the star-board paddle-box, were a horny-handed son of toil and a young gentleman attired in a loudly-checked suit, pervaded by an even louder odour of cheap patchouli. And the more the wind blew the more uneasy the horny-handed one became. At length he could stand it no longer, and, dragging his deck camp-stool nearer to the scented gentleman, he said in a whisper that might have been heard at Suez:

"Jest let me git the other side o' you, cockie."
The nasher sneered a sickly sort of sneer, but moved a little way off. Then, having shifted his position, the son of toil said, with very good and kind intention:
"You came aboard at Tilbury, didn't yer?"

"Yass."
"I guessed as much. While you was a-waitin' for this yer boat you must ha' got a-leasin' ag'in' that stack o' bone-manure they've got there, but I kin tell yer what'll take the stink outen yer clothes. When you git 'ome ter-night, bury 'em—bury 'em for a month, that's a old-fashioned recipe, I know, but it licks a good many o' the new-fangled fakes. My brother Jeff, he was a-waitin' at Tilbury one day, same as you was, an' lor! he leaned up agin that self-same manure, an' oh, didn't he pen-and-ink for a month arter? But you do as I tell yer, bury 'em—deep in the earth—why, bust me! he's gorn orf in a huff! Where's he gone, I wonder?"
"I expect he's gone to bury his clothes," said the steward.
"All right, sir, coming."

WHY HE CHANGED.

Inquisitive Johnny. Er—er—your people were—er—cannibals at one time, I believe?
Intelligent Native. Oh, yes!
Inquisitive Johnny. And may I inquire—er—er—what caused you to—er—er—give up cannibalism?
Intelligent Native. Well, to tell you the truth, the native source of supply fell short, and you Englishmen deteriorated so terribly in quality, both in flavour and tenderness, that I determined to swear off and take to pork.

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."

MISS AUTUMN on the future looked
With cheerful, hopeful glances;
For wealth would soon by her be hooked
Beyond her brightest fancies.
A gay young swain, with parents rich,
Had vowed that he'd espouse her,
Then smashed his vow in a manner which
Did to grievous rage arouse her.
But soon her ire gave way to glee:
For against her sweetheart shifty
She would bring a breach of promise plea
For a hundred pounds and fifty!

MISS AUTUMN on the future looked,
As SLOPER looks on barrel
Of nut-brown ale to Blissville booked:
And dreams of rich apparel
Across her throbbing cranium shot,
And jinks and joys unthrifty
To be enjoyed when she had got
Her hundred pounds and fifty!
But poor Miss Autumn's hopes were short,
Her soul with grief is riven:
For a farthing damages the Court
Has to poor Miss Autumn given!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

LOW SPIRITS: Costermongers' ghosts.
A STITCH in time saves nine. Just sew!
A "FRUITLESS" Task: Making a plain cake.
HALE men who *hail* ale too greedily will come to *ail* at last.
AN article that has never been more than Once in Vogue:
The letter V.
THE Poetry of Motion: A poem that goes to every London editor in succession.
A "SIGNAL" Failure: The refusal of a semaphore to obey the action of the pointman's lever.
SLOPER'S Favourite Song? "Isle of Beauty." Only the old wretch pronounces it, "I love Beauty."
WHAT difference was there between the garment worn by Tam O'Shanter's Nannie, and the domicile of the survivors of the Deluge? One was very little sark, the other No(ah)sark!

THE LION QUEEN.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMISH McNAB had sold himself for money. He had given his hand to Madame Carlona, while his heart was in the possession of



Sold himself for money.

Sophorina Bellarini. There may be those who would scorn to do such a thing, and they are right. It might be better to be the humble attraction of a wild beast show with a heart conscious of right, than to be the proud proprietor of a colossal collection of wild animals, with a yearning and unsatisfied love gnawing at his vitals.

Truly noble love would probably have dictated that honest poverty would have had better results; but Hamish had already tried honest poverty, and did not like it. And he felt convinced that he would be a better judge after he had tried being rich for a time.

But there is something to be said on behalf of Hamish McNab. He had never spoken to Sophorina Bellarini, and he knew not if she reciprocated his affection. It might be that had he rejected Madame Carlona's offer with lofty scorn he might have done so without gaining his reward in the affection of Sophorina, and thus he might have lost Madame Carlona's approval, and would not have had a commensurate reward.

Nor would Madame have been slow to punish him had he shown a preference for her humble companion over herself. Madame was an imperious woman. She was jealous of her dignity. She would not have brooked that a dependent should be allowed to cross her path in love, and, in all probability, had these two declared their passion in her presence she would have discharged them on the spot—even though the establishment lost the attraction of the Pollodropsicon.

Sophorina Bellarini was not of such an unselfish disposition as to have accepted Hamish McNab in these circumstances. She, too, appreciated the comforts of the saloon caravan, and was not prepared to run the risks incidental to marrying one who might have to earn his livelihood by acting as piper to a mere side show. So both these lovers dissembled. They hid their real feelings; and Madame Carlona was ignorant that her companion was her rival.

The marriage ceremony was celebrated in front of the lion carriage in the show. Madame Carlona, amid her joy as a bride, had some feeling of attachment to the memory of her late lamented. She had a romantic idea that, being married in front of what was in great measure their tomb, would be comforting to their spirits. She even in her day dreams pictured these intangible spirits floating about while the ceremony was progressing, and expressing ghostly approval of the fact that the show business was likely to be carried on with continued success by the assumption of a new partner. And so the wedding march, played by the show band—if it did not ring out its glorious notes over a couple whose hearts beat as one, at least heralded a wedding out of which much worldly satisfaction to the leading parties to the transaction was the result. Madame Carlona was delighted; Hamish was fairly well pleased at his improved prospects; and Sophorina Bellarini appeared to be satisfied.

But deep down in Sophorina's heart there was dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction that was none the less deep that it was hidden. Hamish was lost to her to all appearance, she cogitated at the close of the ceremony.

But was he lost for ever? Madame was much older than the bridegroom; but it was a hopeless prospect that she would not survive her new husband. Madame was healthy—ridiculously healthy—and would probably see both Sophorina and Hamish gathered to the great beyond. There was little hope of Hamish becoming a widower by mere legitimate means; were there no illegitimate but perfectly safe means of hastening her end? Sophorina Bellarini was not in intent a murderess. She was only calculating the chances; and by much brooding over these chances she resolved to aid them with all her power, and to throw nothing in the way that would prevent Madame Carlona making an edifying exit, and so leave Hamish McNab free to be wooed and won.
(To be continued next week.)



Calculating the chances.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BEATEN ON THE POST.



No. 372.—Mr. G. ELPHINSTONE, F.O.S.

"Although perhaps there are better known men in England than G. Elphinstone, nevertheless we offer no apology for making him the hero of this week's F.O.S. Portrait Gallery. Among those who know him, Elphinstone is deservedly popular, admired both for his energy and his geniality of disposition. Though comparatively still a young man, he has had as much worldly experience as most men of twice his age; and should be at any time he called upon to preside over the destinies of nations, we have little doubt but that he will be found quite capable of undertaking the task. In the Water Carnival line of business our hero is unrivalled, and he lives in hopes of turning the whole of the Atlantic Ocean into a gigantic Water Exhibition. Chiefly because he is A1 in his own line of business, Elphinstone was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 13th, 1892."—*Debut Improved.*



Gertie. I say, Harry, is it true that Miss Trevor has refused to marry you?
Harry (unappetisingly). Quite true.
Maud. How is it? We all thought you were her favourite.
Harry. Yes, but it was the usual thing. The favourite was beaten.



"Country orders promptly executed with the least possible delay." Who shall say that our country cousin is not energetic?



Ethel. Did Mr. Sloperton really marry his wife for money?
Maud. Yes, dear.
Ethel. What makes you think so?
Maud. Because I've seen her.

A NOVEL SPORTING EVENT.



"Say, sonny, which is the paper and which is the placard?
They've both got the same amount of news in 'em."



Jennie. Do jump in, dear, and hide your feet: you don't know who may be looking, and I declare they get bigger every day.



Cheerful Part. Teen to Margate Saturday to Monday, eh?
Well, it makes a jolly little change.
Young Stungy. Yes, and leaves a jolly little change out of a quid!



(1) Johnny Green. Keep a sharp look-out for the farmer, Tom, and I'll soon git yer a pailful! Tommy Trout (attaching a cracker to Buttercup's tail). Right yer bar, Jack. Did yer ever see a bull-fight? We shall 'ave one directly.—(2) The "bull-fight" commences, accompanied by a grand pyrotechnic display.—(3) Preparing to receive cavalry.—(4) Bullet-proof armour not in it with this!—(5) A sudden rise in life.—(6) Revenge is sweet! and Johnny had it.

A TENDER HEART.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.

A DEPRAVED TASTE.



"Bring him back—perhaps he has not digested his breakfast yet."



Cherry.



"Oh, Jack! I could live upon a house-boat for ever!" "Good gracious, Julie! I had no idea you were possessed of such an abnormal appetite."
[The brute—and only a month married.]